



Agenda 1a



Grim Consequence

You are under no delusions with regard to the perils you face—the situation you've created for yourself. Over years of fiercely decrying the practitioners of dark magicks, you learned so much. And to better understand, to better arm your will against them, you experimented. And something noticed you. Some... thing is displeased.

It is here, your final target. You know this house is the site of the lair—but, you also know that you cannot reach the lair from here. You pull your hood up, over, and down to eye-level, covering the crude mask sat above your brow.

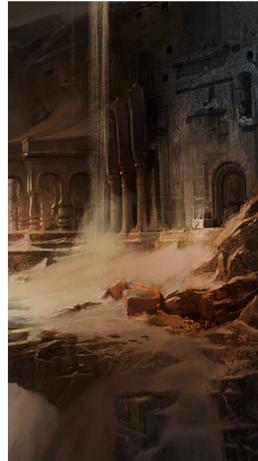
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Agenda 2a



The Cover Peels Away

Without warning, your vision changes. You see two blue-robed figures facing you, kneeling in a dimly lit room. And, with a shock, you see unfamiliar knees and arms protruding away from... your body. You realise you are looking out through some other's eyes! The brief sensation disappears but, before it does, you hear one of the figures across from you say, "Good work, brother wizard."

Forced – At the start of the enemy phase: Each *Cultist* enemy in play moves 1 location towards Lita Chantler.

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Agenda 3a



The Ghoul's Edge

What most concerns you now are these strange—no, no. You can no longer deny them. These are no visions. This is reality, or a form of. A bubble of some otherworldly origin is enveloping you, increasing in the veracity and tangibility of facets slipping through. What were once concrete paving stones might now be a dirt path and any light around you seemingly contests with a cavernous gloom of unknown making. You can press back somewhat, but if this is what you think it is, you must make haste.

► Spend 2 clues: Remove 1 doom token from this agenda.

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Take a ♦ chaos token and add it to the chaos bag.

Matamitaming your composure, you wrestle with your sensory faculties, dispersing like ever-present smoke these feelings of cutaneous disquietment. It cannot be, you tell yourself, that suchaces are actually offering more gravely than typical, that the air is itself so presssing down with increased staticness and mucidly. Surely these patchy roots pushing up through the gutters must have always been there.

As you search for the signs that lead you to your secret, as you meet with unsuspecting and sallow-faced followers of this town's dark cult, as they hushingly share quiet whispers with you, you begin to feel as if the odd shadows around you are shiffling—not in quantity, but in quality.

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The Motes of Wrath

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AGENDA

The strange visitations continue however, furthermore must still finish your task.

Convicting. You've come too far to pause now; the game only way out is through. You can—now, you must manage to outrun them.

Hijacking the cult was always a risk, and some of their number are now eerily looking for you, but you hope that it will take some time before word of their compromised ranks is dispersed throughout the town. Your surroundings splutter and splinter and pour in on themselves, leaving you adrift in another realm of dirt, and stone, and soil. With a gryph-like strength from your heart and an explosive voiding of terror in your head, you dash through the shadows of these ghoul's edge.

You could not escape your doom. You are lost in time and space, defeated, and devoured. ♦ You could not escape your doom... This isn't how it was supposed to happen... Your last sane thought as your mind retreats in on itself like so much soundinon is, "This isn't how it is supposed to happen...". It found you, or you found it. You could not escape your very soul, you sense its presence.

A Wrathful End

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